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The RED-SEA:

OR THE

DESCRIPTION

Of a most Horrid, Bloody, and never yet paralel'd

SEA-FIGHT

BETWEEN THE

ENGLISH & DUTCH.

With an Elegy on that truly Valiant and Renowned Commander,

Sir Christopher Minnes,

Who died in the Bed of Honour, in defence of his

King and Countrey.

By *R. H.*

LONDON,
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To my truly worthy and ingenious Friend
Mr. *Richard Vvedale.*

SIR,

THat nought can judge of Wit but Wit, 'tis true,
Wherefore theſe Lines I Dedicate to You.
My Subject's Valour, which therein is ſhown;
Valour and Wit are Properties You own.
Wherefore I hope, You will accept theſe Rimes,
Since Wit and Valour are Your onely Crimes.

Your moſt Affectionate Friend
and Servant

R. H.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

The RED-SEA:

Or a Deſcription of a moſt Horrid and Bloody Sea-Fight between the Engliſh *and* Dutch.

SOL well nigh ſwelter'd in his fiery team,
Haſtned to cool himſelf 'th' Weſtern ſtream,
When there appear'd two large prodigious Woods,
Which ſtrove to meet, floating upon the Floods.
The *Sun* did hereupon more ſwiftly fly,
Frighted to ſee this *Sea-bred-Prodigie.*
At whoſe approach, the curled Billows roar,
And as it comes, fearfully roll before.
The ſilent Fiſh preſaging future blood,
Againſt their kind ran frighted in the mud:
And had they Wings would from the Sea have broken,
And but for churliſh *Nature* would have ſpoken
To manifeſt their fear; yet what they might,
In ſholes they fled to ſhun the dreadful ſight.
The *Oceans King* feeling ſuch weight on's back,
With leaning on his *Trident* made it crack.
Had it not been immoveable, they ſay
The *Earth* this time would fain have fled away;
Which with the Shore ſo trembled, you'd have ſaid,
Fear, not incloſed Winds this *Earth-quake* made.
These ſtately Ships were throng'd with Noble Spirits,
Whoſe onely aim was by their lofty merits
To out-live Fate, and for their Countries good,
Think it their glory to pour forth their blood.
Theſe gallant Souls were all devote to give
Their own lives, that their Countrey-men may live.
Here then obſerve, which you may frequent try;
The worthi'ſt man moſt willing is to die.
Our *Admiral* breaths forth a ſtout *All-arme*;
The adverſe Fleet Echo'd rebounding *Arm.*
Thus at the *Gen'rals* voice, the vulgar ſort
To their aſſigned ſtations reſort;
With quick confuſed haſt, the tumult's led;
And ſpeed, by too much ſpeed, is hindered.
One might have thought the Battel was begun,
To ſee how *Neptune* firſt was *thorough* run.
Now as with proud advance they nearer came,
Thoſe beaſts which gave the Sail-rul'd-Veſſels name,

With an aſpect more grim, then is their life,
Made all their ſpeed to make, then end the ſtrife.
So fiercely they came on, as if from thence
They meant to move their painted reſidence.
Now bravely did the *General* exhort
His men to courage (though his ſpeech was ſhort)
To this, or like effect--------

Courage *Brave ſouls*, and that is all I pray;
Strength cannot want, where courage leads the way.
But what need I th' undaunted hearts excite
Of them, whoſe eyes me thinks already Fight?
Look as you do, and you ſhall never need
Weapons, or hands, to make your Foes to bleed.
Your looks ſhall ſtrike them dead, your Warlike ſight
Shall put your fearful Enemies to flight.
What ere you aime at, here before you lie,
Honor, Revenge, Spoil, Riches, Victory:
Which if they move not; ſee your Native Land,
Your Nurſe, your Mother, ſee, how ſhe doth ſtand
A far to mark which of you beſt ſhall render
His duty, ſtriving who ſhall beſt defend her.
If you don't fight, your Foes won't mercy have;
If you won't fight, the Sea will prove your Grave;
Or elſe by *Juſtice* domb'd to die: then on,
And let not this cold Element, whereon
You are to fight, quench thoſe couragious Flames
Which burn in every manly breaſt, that aimes
At *Immortality*; Fight and the *Oceans* bound,
Nay fartheſt *Thule*, with your fame ſhall ſound.
The *Sun* himſelf when he at night ſhall preſſe
This way, will go and tell the Antipodes
What acts he ſaw. Nor yet of aid deſpaire,
The Wind, and Sea (if need ſhall ask) will ſpare
The chiefeſt help (which they poſſeſſe) to you:
All *Fiſh* prove *Sword Fiſh*, fighting for our due.
No longer will the time with us diſpence,
What my ſpeech wants, my Sword ſhall recompence.
Now did th' amazing ſignes of Battle ſound,
Making the Lands remote, and Rocks rebound.
The ſhrill voic'd Trumpet, and couragious Drum
In ratling Language bid the Foes to come.
Deaths horrid Vizard now begins t' appear
In their pale faces; terrour, gaſtly fear
In their amazed hearts doth panting riſe;
And future blood bathes in their fiery eyes.
Apelles preſent here, or one ſo skill'd,
Might have drawn Pictures hence, that would have kill'd.

The thund'ring Ord'nance now began to rent
The frighted Aire; the Flames before it ſent,
Seem lightning, and as deadly Bullets fly,
Prodigious Hail ſeem to powre down the Sky.
Nilus ne're roared ſo much, when with a ſhock
Headlong doth tumble from the towring Rock:
Making the people on the neighbouring Shelves,
That hearing him they cannot hear themſelves.
Thus the Fights noiſe made many a man to fall
In roaring Death a ſilent Funeral.
Alas! thoſe Elements which uſe t' uphold
Our craſie Lives with their due heat and cold,
Making compleat our Bodies conſtitution,
Strive now to cauſe its utter diſſolution:
Who viewing this, would not have thought't a wonder,
That without Rain, Winde, Lightning, Hail, or Thunder,
Or hidden Shelves, or Rocks, Sea ambuſht back,
Or any Tempeſt, Ships ſhould ſuffer wrack?
That one might here have term'd it, chuſe you whether,
A ſtormy Calm, or Calm Tempeſtuous Weather:
But now each Fleet, each Ship, with hopeful pride
Clath altogether furious, ſide to ſide;
Their tired ſenſes labour'd in ſuch wiſe,
That they grew dull with too much Exerciſe:
Their troubled eyes viewing ſuch ghaſtly ſights,
Wiſh't that ſad darkneſs cancell'd all their lights.
The horrid noiſe the Battle made was ſuch,
Hearing, heard nothing, 'cauſe it heard ſo much.
Such a confuſion racks their ſenſes here,
They'd reaſon now to wiſh they ſenſleſs were.
Now Death in purple ſtands upon the hatches,
With pale and griſely looks; ſee how he ſnatches
Hundreds of men at once, and ſtops their Breath,
Till that grim *Death* grew vveary novv of Death.
See on the Sea hovv thouſand Bodies float
From their *Great Ships*, haſting to *Charons Boat*:
Which crabbed Skuller now might think it meet
His old torn *Boat* ſhould be nevv chang'd a Fleet.
The tumults noiſe pierc't the blevv arched Sky,
The cryſtal Aire fill'd vvith a deadly cry,
Only in this was bleſt, as Blows abounded,
It could be ever Cut, yet never Wounded.
The ſilent *Earth*, glad that ſhe was debarr'd
From this ſad ſight, yet inwardly was heard
(The dreadful Guns rebounding oft) to moan,
And *Eccho*, made her yield a hollow groan:
But this thing chiefly made her moſt to rave,
That to her due the Sea ſhould prove a Grave.

Never

Never did ſtrong breath'd *Eolus* diſturb
The Sea ſo much, when he can hardly curb
His madding Pages, when they raging, muſter
To quarrel with the Waves, or whiſtling bluſter,
Among the well-ſet Trees, and branched Boughs,
Singing through chinks of ſome decayed houſe.
Nor ſtern *Orion*, with his ſtormy Light
Apalling Sea-men, doth ſo much affright
Their ſoon moov'd Sea, as did this Battles noiſe,
Which *Neptune* anſwer'd with his bellowing Voice.
Who as the Fleets made nearer to the ſtrand,
With tumbling haſte, ran frighted up the Sand;
That had not bounds reſtrain'd his Element,
His watry Veil had cloath'd the Continent.
The tender *Nymphs*, who with their ſilver Feet
Uſe on the Plains o'th criſped Sea to meet;
Where tripping prettily they'r wont to dance
Themſelves into a heavenly ſlumbring trance
Of ſweet repoſe, at theſe inhumane ſhocks,
With hair all torn creep into th' hollow Rocks;
Where ſhrouded they to meditate began,
No Rock ſo flinty as the Heart of Man.
Ships now began to burn, that one might ſee
Neptunes, and *Vulcans* conſanguinity.
The quaking Ships with Thundering Guns are rent,
Whoſe wounded Sides, the goared Streams do vent
Of Dead and Wounded Men, who lay therein
As if they had their Beires, or Coffins been.
They that would have a *Mare Liberum*
Inſtead thereof gain *Mare Mortuum*.
Their Tacklings, Sails, and Cables now do burn,
And Fire caſts Anchors, never to return.
Thus did th' inhumane Battles fury rage,
Nor could the Sea th' increaſing Flames aſſwage.
Fire now and Water did not each contend,
But ſeem'd their Powers ſo mutually to lend;
That you might ſee there many men became
Burnt in the Sea, and Drowned in the Flame.
This one good hap to Karkaſes did fall,
They'd fire to burn them at their Funeral.
The mangled Ships not fearing to be drenched,
Gladly take Breeches, thereby to be quencht.
Thus much in general, I cannot chuſe
But on particulars employ my Muſe;
As the wiſe Pilot watchfully doth minde
To husband all th' advantages of Winde;
Comes an unruly Shot, and him doth force
To certain Death, change his uncertain courſe.

The Maſter ranging up and down the Deck,
And Wounded mortally, to him doth beck
His Mate, who haſting to his aid in vain,
Is there together with the Maſter ſlain;
And having finiſh'd thus his loſt lifes date,
Doth truly prove himſelf the *Maſters Mate*.
The Trumpeter with ſmart reviving ſound,
Quickning their dying Hearts, falls to the ground,
Thinking to ſound one life-infuſing bout,
His own *Dead March* he made it Eccho out:
And having lent his Trumpet ſo much breath
In's life, it turn'd him ſome again in's Death.
The Drummer with his nimble Hand repeating
His doubl'd *Blows*, without compaſſion beating
His harmleſs Drum, which ſeem'd with groaning cry
To murmur at his Maſters cruelty.
Immediately two Bullets rudely come,
Tearing both Skin of *Drummer*, and of Drum.
Drummer of Life, of Sound the Drum's bereft,
So *Drum* and *Drummer* both are ſpeechleſs left.
Here comes a Captain with undaunted Face,
Incouraging the Souldiers to the Chace;
And being about to ſay, be brave, be bold,
An untought ill-bred Bullet bids him hold:
This *Leader* faithful to his utmoſt breath,
Can only now lead's men the way to Death.
Some under hatches cloſed in deſpair,
Mount up their Foes with Powder in the Air;
Giving to them a ſtrange unwonted Death,
Who having Aire too much, yet wanted breath:
It ſeemeth yet that they no Damage meant 'um,
Who the next way up into Heaven ſent 'um.
Theſe Men who chanced in the Ship to fall,
The cruel Sea was made their Burial;
And to the Waves without remorſe were thrown,
Slain by their Foes, and Drowned by their own.
Some fearing Fire, into the Sea do fly,
And ſo for fear of Death, fear not to dye:
See two which ſtoutly grapple, ſtriving whether
Should overcome, both fall i'th Sea together;
Imbracing both, till they have loſt their breath,
And ſeem though Foes in Life, yet Friends in Death.
Two Brothers ſlain, as they together ſtood,
One then might ſwear, they were *allied in Blood*.
See a poor man, with both Arms cut aſunder,
Diſtracted leap't into the Water under,
Meaning to ſwim, but ſee the woful Wretch,
With how much toil he laboureth to ſtretch

His ravv Vein'd Stumps; and catch to ſave his life
Some kinde remain o'th Ship, but all his ſtrife
Doth make him ſooner to be out of breath,
And *wanting Arms*, he yet *imbraceth Death.*
One getteth this by having loſt his eyes,
In that he cannot ſee his miſeries;
Anothers Legs are gone, that vvho him ſees,
Might think he did beg mercy on his knees.
VVhat refuge novv is left? vvhen if they ſhun
The approaching Svvord, into the fire they run;
Shunning the Fire they into VVater fall,
So no vvay vvants a certain Funeral.
Thus after ſtrange unheard of ſort they ly,
And Death, by many Deaths, makes many dye.
The mangled Ships no longer can vvithſtand
Th' intruding Sea, and *Mars* his fiery brand.
Some Fled, ſome Sunk, the reſt amazed ſtood,
Finding inſtead of Sea, a *Sea of Blood.*

On that Truly Worthy, and approvedly Valiant Commander, Sir *CHRISTOPHER MINNS*, Knight, lately Deceaſed.

C ompel your Tears (like to his Foes) to fall,
H elping to waſt him to his Funeral;
R emember what he did, let that excite
I n all men Courage, to gain Fame by Fight:
S uch was his Valour, not o'th Furious Strain,
T he Hand that ſtruck did firſt conſult the Brain.
O ften encompaſſ'd round, he Victor ſtood,
P ainting the Decks with his pure (conquering) Blood.
H e, though alone, no ſuccor need to crave,
E ager t' Obtain a Victory, or Grave;
R egarding leſs his own then Countreyes good,

M aintaining it to the laſt drop of Blood.
I cann't Write more for grief, my blubber'd Eye
N ill's the enlarging of his Elegy:
N everthelefs I (thinking on his Name)
S hall his due Praiſe perpetually proclaim.

Licenſed, *June* 12. 1666.